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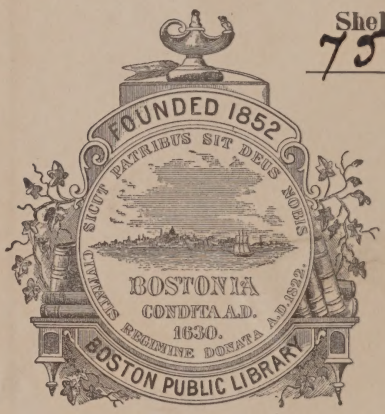

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AND THEIR

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CLAIMS ON THE PUBLIC ACTION OF THE PEOPLE.

BY WILLIAM R. ALGER.

PUBLISHED AT THE REQUEST OF THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES BEFORE WHICH IT HAS BEEN DELIVERED.

BOSTON:

CROSBY, NICHOLS, AND COMPANY,

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ADDRESS.

When I was invited by the society which has called this meeting, to speak before them upon the subject of Temperance, I accepted the invitation at once, thinking it a duty — I accepted it gladly, feeling it a privilege — to take an open stand, bear my testimony, and contribute my mite, to an important moral movement, which has yet such obstacles to remove, and so much opposition to encounter and overcome, before its advocates can send up their shouts, and lay down their arms, and rest on the field of triumph. But now that the hour has come, and that we are here together, what shall I say to you? How can I seize and present so hackneyed a theme in a manner calculated to attract attention, call forth feeling, and produce actual good results? The subject has been treated so often and so fully, and in such a variety of ways, that there are really very few persons who do not already know the substance of all that anybody can tell them about it. I cannot, therefore, lay many novel thoughts before you, or say much, if any thing, that shall be new to you concerning the use of alcoholic beverages. Allow me, then, to forget for the time, and to ask you in like manner to forget, that any thing has ever been said on the subject; to take it up as a problem entirely new, and grapple directly with the

facts in the case; trusting to the power of naked truth, and the interest we all should naturally feel in a theme comprehending so much that is so sad. If this course in the sequel prove trite and dull, your own better thoughts in the meantime may prevent the hour from being a useless one. It is an encouragement also to think, that the feeblest efforts, made with an earnest purpose, in behalf of a righteous cause, can never be wholly in vain. The Almighty has forbidden that, and has commanded his inspiring spirit to be wisdom in the minds, love in the hearts, fire upon the lips, of good men who labor in his service. And, as I turn me to the task in hand, it is with a feeling that I stand in his great hand, and can look up to him with a good conscience, and ask him to help with his blessing even so humble an instrument as the words of the servant who now pleads for the Temperance Reformation.

There is one argument, in behalf of total abstinence from exciting and stupefying drugs and draughts, to be stated in the outset, which is amply sufficient of itself to decide the whole question at once and for ever. It is contained in the four prominent characteristics of the artificial appetite for intoxicating liquors: First, that the object of the appetite is a poison, incapable of assimilation by the system, and of necessity tending to destroy life. Secondly, that the pleasure resulting from the gratification of the appetite terminates in itself, and has no relation to any ulterior good; whereas that connected with the natural appetites has relation to bodily and mental vigor. Thirdly, that the enjoyment of gratifying it is not to be compared with the suffering of the annoyances of its teasing cravings, and the ignoble compromise and bondage in which it holds its subject. Fourthly, that it has an inherent powerful tendency to increase, and become excessive and ruinous; while the natural appetites have no such tendency. In view of these facts, and of others that follow in fatal succession, it

is wonderful that so many persons can be found who will abandon themselves to the deadly tyranny of the habit of drinking intoxicating liquors; knowingly "put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains;" without any necessity, fill their cups with the scalding woe of self-wrought ruin, and bring disgrace and wretchedness upon all who care for them.

There is an old Persian fable to the effect, that "King Zohak once permitted the devil to kiss his shoulders. Instantly, two serpents sprang out, who, in the fury of hunger, attacked his head, and attempted to get at his brain. Zohak pulled them away, and tore them with his nails. But he found to his horror that they were inseparable parts of himself, and that what he was thus lacerating was his own flesh!" This terrible fable furnishes an apt symbol of the drunkard and his appetite. If he lets it have its way, it devours him. If he chastizes it, he torments himself. Such a creature every intemperate man is nourishing in his bosom. That such multitudes can be found to do this, with free recklessness, is assuredly a most singular fact. Only one thing can account for it; and that is the absolutely maddening power of the appetite, when once formed. "Alas for us!" its victims cry, "we are lost; for our firmest resolutions are as flax in the furnace, they shrivel up as tow in this raging fire." Several distinct causes lead to the formation of this appetite, no one of which, however, is a good reason for it. It is a sufficient objection to it that it has to be formed. Nature does not furnish the article: it has to be produced by wicked, artificial processes. Nature does not give man an appetite for it: it is made pleasant to the taste only by artificial habits.

I. The first cause of the remarkable power of alcohol upon man is found in his inherent love of stimulation, the joy of being exhilarated, the desire to be inspired, have the walls of his individuality broken down, feel the currents of

another life rushing through his sensitive, but irresponsible soul, thrust the passive side of his nature over the active into the foreground, and lose the upbraiding feeling of a weak will in an unbounded sense of freedom. Everybody loves to be thrilled with the burning fervors of unwonted desires, dreams, hopes, and fears; to be caught up above the dull plod of this mundane sphere into ecstasy, and the realization of ethereal things. Intoxicating compounds gratify this desire. The glow and brilliancy and exaltatation they give for a moment, the feast of reason, flow of soul, and thrill of nerves, — this is the secret of their chief charm. But ah! the folly of yielding to it. It rapts you to heaven, only to plunge you deeper in despair. The stimulus is unnatural, the excitement destructive, the retributive re-action fearful, and the hollow craving intolerable. It heightens the sensibilities for the instant: it blunts and injures them permanently. Its pain is much greater than its pleasure, besides that it closes up the calm, common pleasures of life. A healthy, cultivated man, who is strictly temperate, enjoys incomparably more, and suffers incomparably less, than an intemperate man, — as every drunkard knows full well. The true gratification of man's natural love of stimulants is to be sought in the pursuit of the objects for which it was given: not in swallowing the poison of exciting drugs, but in a keener, more conscious, intellectual and moral life; in the excitement of friendship and truth, the enthusiasm of music and beauty, the inspiration of generous labors and exalted piety. O let not that which was meant to lead us up among the exhilarating glories of the spiritual sphere lead us down to the pitiable excesses of intemperance!

Another prolific cause of the evil we are considering is, that the young, especially among the rich class in our cities, are often brought up by their parents to make use of wine. This and other liquors, sometimes, are set before them

on the table from childhood: the taste for it is fixed, grows more importunate, — and they fall. Many a father who has pursued this course, and seen his son sink into the vilest condition, has repented of it in sackcloth and ashes, and tears of blood, when it was too late. The simple fact that these beverages are confessedly unnecessary, and that they are, furthermore, dreadfully dangerous at any rate and to say the very least, is enough of itself to banish them from every table, and put a stop to an example which, even beneath the parental roof, has lured thousands to their ruin and doom.

A third cause of intemperance is furnished by the fashionable habits of drinking; that is to say, by the influence of bad company, the contagion of evil example. If all the men who have been led to take the first glass by the entreaties of drinking associates to whom they could not always say no, and have then been lured on imperceptibly in the downward course of indulgence till they were completely undone, could be enumerated, they would amount to millions. All excess in this habit has proceeded little by little, from moderation which never meant to become immoderate. How fearful a thing it is to allure another to drink for the first time, and in this way possibly be the occasion of his destruction! Intemperate man! if you are yourself on the high road to perdition, do not seek to get companions: it will add tenfold to the load of your guilt, and the pangs of your expiation. And you who are tempted by him, resist, avoid him: as you value life, and life's immediate jewel, do not yield to his solicitations.

A fourth cause of drunkenness is idle habits and heavy hanging time; the aching, yawning void of unemployed faculties. This drives many astray. This is the reason that so many young men — nothing to do and plenty of money — are so dissipated and worthless. What they need, to save them, is some mental aim that will attract their

desires, absorb their thoughts, and fill up the hours. Let a person have no outward occupation, and few spiritual delights, — bodily idleness, with no intellectual or moral tastes and pursuits, — and he is all but sure to rush into sensual excesses, to kill time and to employ his powers; for absolutely to do nothing is misery and insanity. This natural craving and morbid restlessness ought to lead to mental culture, to virtuous industry, and their pure gratifications. That is what it means; that is its genuine relief. But it actually does lead much oftener to sensuality, ruin, an early grave. From the mass of poor laborers, a great many good, industrious men, thrown out of work for a time, yield to the surrounding temptations to drink, and are speedily swallowed in that vortex of abandoned indulgence which is principally fed and glutted by the flood of emigrants, having nothing to do, constantly poured upon our shores from the Old World. Steady employment for the faculties of the mind and for the energies of the body would be one potent remedy for intemperance.

A final, frequent cause of this vice is misfortune and unhappiness. People quaff the burning bowl to drown sorrow; in the recklessness of despair, only wishing to become unconscious. To forget the hollow pangs of melancholy, to lose their cares and troubles, "from the tempting cup of poisoned nectar they sip sweet oblivion." This is folly; for, when they come to themselves, they suffer far worse than before. "They stun their enemy at evening, that she may rend them like a giant in the morning." By adding drunkenness to their other calamities, they largely increase the misery of the whole. It is also unmanly weakness, instead of meeting the ills of life with fortitude and religious trust, and wrenching a blessing from them, to hide from them in insensibility. And it is a dark crime against our Maker to put out the light he has kindled within us, pervert his gifts, plunge our souls into voluntary darkness and im-

becility, and refuse to accomplish the destiny he has set us here and now to work out.

The love of stimulants should urge us to mental and moral culture; the power of parental example should cause us never to set a bad one; the dangerous influence of impure companions should warn us to avoid them, and be armed against their entreaties; the uneasy languor of idleness should lead us to useful employment; the endurance of misfortune should teach us wisdom and fortitude, and make us trust in Providence and hope for heaven. And yet these are the efficient causes of intemperance. No cause can be mentioned which is not included in these. It is evident that they are no justification of it; that they can only lead to it over a path of error and remorse. It stands out, therefore, intrinsically, as an unnatural and inexcusable evil.

II. And still it prevails to a degree far from being appreciated. Intemperance is a fearful reality among us yet. To every informed and observing person, it is now a visible fact of the most alarming extent. There is *not a city*, there is hardly a little green village, in the land, where you can open your eyes without beholding its dire effects. There is scarcely an individual here who does not know some family now enduring its fiery curses and its cold woes. Many thousands of barrels of alcoholic liquor — enough to form a lake to float the navies of the world — are poured down human throats in this country annually at the present time; and the persons who are injuring themselves and all society by its use are to be reckoned in millions. This habit yet remains the most obstinate and widely-spread of all the evils that infest, and disgrace, and prey upon the life-blood of society. Since the thrills of horror which ran through the community at the revelations made by the leaders in the temperance-movement, have ceased, through familiarity with the recital, the strong and quite general excitement

then produced has somewhat died away. A fatal indifference in regard to the whole subject has been again settling down upon the public mind and heart. People have seemed to think, that, because they did not see so much of it and hear so much about it as formerly, all was going on well; the vice had received its death-wounds; and, if let alone, would quietly die. Would to Heaven that it were so! But with what fatal emphasis facts refute the idle notion! In hundreds of thousands of homes, bright and happy but for this habit, tears are flowing and hearts are breaking now. Taking advantage of the dormant state of the common public conscience, and of the general feeling of security, the vice, emboldened, has lifted itself, walked abroad, got gigantic, impudent, and productive of untold wretchedness and ruin. It yet marches on its awful career with giant-strides, plying its distilleries, spreading its snares, carrying off its victims, defying both the civil and the moral law, trampling upon all decency, laughing at the anguish that shrieks in its path, and, with a strength that feeds on itself, and grows by what it feeds on, rioting still more.

While this is going on all over the nation, — except for a little time past, in Maine, — is it a time to sleep, thinking the great blows have been struck and the victory made sure? The work is but begun: if it be not urged on with energy and with perseverance, all that has been gained will be lost, the chafing flood of drunkenness will burst its embankments and deluge the land. If the advocates of this reform were ever called on to shake off indifference, rally their scattered forces, and come up to the battle with unbroken front, that call is made now; now that intemperance, supported by appetite and the traffic, has recovered from the first shock of the onset, has retreated a little from the open light and entrenched itself, and is there seizing every method to carry on its unhallowed devastations. For still it murmurs in our prison dungeons, groans in our hospital wards,

sighs in our poor-houses, shrieks in the van of our mobs, yells in our insane asylums, selects many a place in our graveyards, — is the same vast and dreadful reality that it ever was. If I could show you, in one horrible mass, the amount of evil which has been caused by intemperance within the last twenty-four hours, you would shudder at the prospect, and cry aloud for the cessation of so awful a scourge. If I could bring before you, in one clear view, all the destitution, misery, and death that will flow from it during the next year, you would feel that there was nothing else for good men to do, until by their united efforts they have put an end to the use of every intoxicating beverage. Whoso should go forth and take the guage of intemperance, as implied by facts unquestionably known from patient and wide investigation, would come back and tell us, with the energy of desperation, that the evil, as it exists in society to-day, is of the most tremendous magnitude. He would tell us that every well-wisher to his race is imperatively called on to arouse himself to his duty in the matter; to lend his example, countenance, and money, to the reform which has done so much to check its farther growth, and which will be able, by and by, if the friends of sobriety and virtue are faithful to the claims of their cause, to crush it in its last fortress, and banish it from the earth. The use of poisonous drinks, then, is now a fact in private experience and public condition, sufficiently large and momentous to deserve our deepest interest, and to demand our most devoted labors for its abolition.

III. But intemperance is as terrible in character as it is artificial in origin, and stupendous in amount. It does not remain merely a needless and a prodigious, but a passive, fact. It exists also as an active cause, ceaselessly and frightfully at work. Let us examine its doings, and behold some of its effects.

In the first place, the use of alcoholic drinks is the cause

of enormous waste of wealth, public expense and loss. The heavy capital invested in the manufacture and trade is perverted from its proper channels of beneficent use and increase, and virtually destroyed to the public property for the time. It produces nothing necessary, nothing valuable, nothing permanent. As fast as its products are consumed, leaving no equivalent behind, evidently all their cost has been thrown away; for the capital, material, time, talent, and labor it absorbs might just as well be employed in other directions, where they would effect results of an inherent worth and of an enduring nature. The raw substances from which the spirit is by foul and unnatural means tortured, are snatched from the mouths of the poor, robbed of their nutriment, turned into poison, and then sold to do no good to anybody. Every cent, therefore, that is spent for it is, so far forth, wasted. It is true that men get rich by dealing in it; but how? Not by *creating* wealth; no, but by taking value, already existing, from others, while the first cost of the article is absolutely sunk for ever, because it yields no equivalent; whereas, if otherwise used, it would. The sum that in connection with this business is, to every good intent and purpose, wasted, includes the use of the capital invested, the first cost of the liquors drunk, the smaller product of the industry it palsies, the prosecution of the criminals, the support of the paupers, the loss involved in the accidents it causes; and the amount is actually appalling. More than two hundred and fifty millions of dollars are withheld from the pecuniary resources of this country, which are available for useful purposes, every year, by the use of ardent spirits. Authentic statistics, which any man who will take the pains may easily test for himself, prove the following estimate of the expense of intemperance in this country to be far below the truth: — Cost of the liquors when retailed, $125,000,000. Idleness resulting from it prevents the earning of $50,000,000. Crime, acci-

dents, and losses arising from the passion, incapacity, and recklessness it originates, $50,000,000. Pauperism resulting from it, $25,000,000. A careful and authoritative report, made by a special committee of the legislature of New York, shows that, in the cities alone of that State, more than $25,000,000 worth of liquor was retailed in a year. A simple calculation from this, making all allowances, will show our estimate to be far within side of the bounds of fact. Two hundred and fifty millions of dollars wasted, flung down the throat of this insatiable monster, in a single year, in this country! — a sum large enough, if annually expended, to educate all the ignorant, employ all the idle, relieve the wants of all the poor, in the land! — a sum large enough, in a little while, to *purchase* the freedom of all the slaves, and let the guardian genius of America stoop from his mountain-eyry, and say to them, 'Go, and God's equal air be sweet to you, as it is to me when I brace my wings above the tempest, and soar to the eye of the sun!'

In Great Britain, it appears from statistics published by direction of Parliament, a few years ago, that, while the annual expense for bread was about $130,000,000, the immediate cost of the liquor consumed was $250,000,000, which must certainly be doubled to get at the entire expense connected with it; making the whole yearly loss from intemperance, $500,000,000. The same publication shows that $30,000,000 worth of grain is destroyed every year by being manufactured into intoxicating liquids, and this while thousands of the peasantry have literally starved to death. A return of the revenue for the year 1842 shows that the British government derives an annual income of no less than $65,000,000 from the duties upon liquor. And there cannot be a doubt, that in the world there is directly expended for it the annual sum of at least $1,000,000,000; a sum amply sufficient to relieve the physical wants of the destitute among all the civilized portion of mankind, nay,

to enable them all to live in luxury. To balance this waste of the treasure so much needed to supply the crying necessities of humanity, and to carry on the works of the age, the business of itself does not yield the slightest real benefit of any sort whatever. Is it not singular, that, in this emphatic age of gold, a dead loss so immense should be allowed to be drawn from the common wealth unnecessarily? If the case, in all its actual circumstances, were a new thing now proposed to be introduced among us, we should protest as one man, and lift our determined right arms against it; no one would tolerate the idea of it for an instant. But it is a fact already fixed in society, an old familiar thing to whose results custom has hardened us, to whose essential realities indifference has blinded us, of whose prodigious financial injury to the country and the world we are not aware. But that an evil has been long established and has lost its natural horrors through familiarity is no just reason for apathy, but the reverse. If vice and misery have ramped and crawled for ages, so much the more should they be rooted out: they have had their day, they have existed long enough. The spirit of the time in which Providence has cast our lot says to us, —

"Standing still is childish folly,
Going backwards is a crime;
None should patiently endure
Any ill that he can cure:
Onward! keep the march of time.
As long as a wrong remains
To be conquered by the right;
While oppression lifts a finger
To affront us by his might;
While an error clouds the reason,
While a sorrow gnaws the heart,
While a slave awaits his freedom,
Or a drunkard cries for help, —
Action is the good man's part."

In the same proportion that intemperance is the cause of public waste, it is also the cause of private beggary. In

this country, there are but few cases in which temperate, industrious men are found suffering from lack of the common comforts of life. A temperate man will, in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred, support his family respectably, and lay up something against a rainy day. And, in the few cases of destitution produced by sickness or other unavoidable calamities, immediate and full relief would be the easiest thing in the world, were it not for the formidable amount of squalid wretchedness and famine caused by unnecessary vices, and which must be fed and clothed, or perish, and infect the air and the land. Intemperance is the cause of more of the excessive poverty existing among us, with its pitiable train of miseries, — more of it seven times over than all other sources combined. And if this cause were destroyed, — if by the blessing of Heaven we might be so happy, — the chief scourge of the poor would be removed, the noisome springs from which their principal evils flow would be dried up. Intemperance tends directly to make the rich man poor, and the poor man poorer still. How many sad cases are coming to light continually! I have known scores of them myself, — of men who began their careers most flatteringly, blessed with fortune, talents, and an enviable start in life; but who, yielding to this habit, have fallen step by step from their eminence, run through their estates, forfeited the love and respect of family and friends, and ended their days disgracefully, loathsomely, in poor-houses, in prisons, in the gutter. Ah! it is an old story, too trite almost to touch our sympathies. That habits of drinking intoxicating drugs should spoil a person of his property is in the nature of the thing; for it not only keeps a constant drain on his income, but it sets him on the highway to licentiousness, gambling, idleness, and every other vice, exposes him to the depredations of selfish parasites, and leaves him, incapable of taking care of himself or of his purse, to the tender mercies of unprincipled sharpers.

And if it treats the rich man thus, plundering him and leaving him by the wayside, it will certainly serve the poor man as badly. It forms within him an appetite, whose craving soon swallows every cent of his surplus earnings; then trenches, little by little, upon the humble comforts of his home; then begins to make him careless of appearances, quench his ambition, and render him indolent, so that now and then he loses a day's labor: then his hand gets unsteady, he is not a faithful workman, not a pleasant person to have about, and people grow unwilling to employ him; then he moves from his tidy dwelling to some miserable abode, his thirst rages worse and worse, and soon he and his unhappy family are reduced to the lowest grade of poverty, where they linger on the wretched borders of starvation till death puts an end to their misery. It is an unvarnished picture. Would to God it were *not* the plain history, alas! of so many thousands of the poor, whom intemperance alone has made poor, and kept poor, and is daily dragging lower and lower down the steps of degradation! How true is the Bible proverb, "A drunkard shall come to poverty"! As an offset to this overwhelming mass of pauperism and woe, not the least benefit can be shown ever to have flowed from intemperate habits. The drinking of alcohol never benefited a single man to the value of a single mill: it has beggared unnumbered myriads. Where one becomes rich by the sale, a hundred become destitute by the purchase; and there can be no new property produced by it, because the article is unnecessary and worse than useless. Intemperance, then, is an unmitigated cause of poverty, and of the manifold evils that flow from excessive poverty. Every consideration touching personal independence and good standing requires every one to be a foe to it every way. And the interests of society just as plainly demand, that all good and sober men be embodied for the active and persevering promotion of the temperance

cause, until the last worm of the still dieth, and its fire is quenched.

Again, intemperance is the cause of an untold amount of direct suffering, both private and social; suffering in every form and shade, ranging from physical pain and mental lassitude to the convulsions of remorse and the breaking heart. One of the most compact sentences ever written was written upon this subject nearly three thousand years ago by Anacharsis the Scythian: "The vine bears three grapes; Pleasure, Drunkenness, Sorrow." Here we approach one of the darker features of this habit, — the awful pangs it inflicts on its victims, and on those connected with them. Words are inadequate to describe the harrowing tortures, both of body and of mind, which are endured in the breasts and in the homes of the intemperate. Who knew, before the Washingtonians lifted the curtain from the frightful realities of a drunkard's experience, the agonies of that struggle in which all that is holiest and noblest in human nature grapples with a fell appetite, whose only enjoyment is relief from present goadings, purchased by an aggravation of their cause? Who would have dreamed of the fearful hold of that bondage which could compel men to stoop to such degrading expedients to gratify their desires, and still keep up appearances? Of all the unfortunate creatures in the world, if there be one who deserves especial commiseration on account of his sufferings, it is the slave of intemperance. His self-respect is utterly gone; and he hangs his head in shame and agony before the bar of his own conscience, and before the clear gaze of men, and before the haunting glance of God. A fiend follows him, a fearful fiend, by day and night. His nerves are unstrung; his brain is on fire with delirium; he is scared by unreal visions; a worm gnaws, gnaws at his breast — with an appetite more pitiless far than that of the vulture which devoured the vitals of the old Titan. In his lonely hours,

thinking ofttimes how his early dreams have all faded out and his best hopes gone to ashes, he weeps tears of gall. And when he remembers what he was once, when the world was fair and good, and there was a glory in the sky, and his heart was pure and young, unacquainted with guilt and misery, — and then bethinks him of what he is now, — he wishes he were dead. "Oh!" he cries, "that I had but died ere the sweet and innocent memories of boyhood were changed for this vile degradation and this dread remorse!" And then, in the intolerable revulsion of self-condemnation and despair, thousands have rushed unbid to the tribunal of God.

Think, too, of the unutterable sufferings of the families of the intemperate. Parents — disgraced, impoverished, their dearest hopes blasted, their gray hairs brought in sorrow to the grave. Relatives and friends — dishonored, insulted, their pride cut to the core, their affection wounded and cast off. Wife — neglected, smitten, trampled under foot, her tenderness harshly repulsed, her unwearied cares repaid with scorn and brutality, the holy dreams of her romantic years dashed to dust, nothing left to her but a cold, blank waste of disappointment and desolation. Children — little, helpless creatures, abandoned, abused, beaten with blows, the victims of demoniac passions, brought up in filth and wretchedness to crime and infamy. What an incalculable mass of suffering is here! But one holy picture may not be passed by unnoticed. As the most vivid rainbow is drawn across the ground of the blackest cloud, so the most heavenly virtues stand in immediate contrast with the worst sins and the foulest outrages. And if the history of the world were written on earth as it is in heaven, among the most touching and sublime manifestations of human virtue, invincible fortitude, and omnipotent love, a prominent page would be allotted to many a poor drunkard's wife. She has gone with him from splendor and

luxury and honor, to a poor dwelling, and want and shame; deserting those who would minister to her lightest wish, to wait on him who neglects her and spurns her caresses; when all the world have deserted and despise him, cleaving to him still, in spite of his sins and his cruelty to her, with an unconquerable affection; watching over him in sickness, wiping the death-damp from his brow, closing his eyes, a solitary mourner at his funeral, and then dying of a broken heart, with a prayer to meet him again beyond the grave. Oh! to whatever depths of iniquity man may sink, surely an angel still follows him, and would lead him back to virtue if he would but heed her voice. The enormity of this evil, raised to the third power, is apparent in its unrelieved hideousness, when we remember how often it seizes even this angel herself, and drags her through all the gradations of drunkenness down to its loathsome death. The horrible fact ought to strike upon us like a peal of thunder, that there are in this country fifty thousand women who are abandoned drunkards. If the intensity and the amount of the suffering caused by intemperance, deepened as it is sevenfold by the knowledge that it does not flow from the dispensations of Providence, but from human folly and wickedness, were appreciated, it would be enough, as it seems, to awaken the indignation and enlist the energies of every generous man in the overthrow of an evil which, without affording anybody one grain of real happiness, is the cause of such accumulating, inexpressible miseries.

Intemperance is also the chief cause of crime. It is a well-known fact, repeatedly established by statistics, that more than four-fifths of the crimes that come, year after year, within the cognizance of public justice, are produced by the agency of alcohol. It is estimated upon the best authority, that in this country about a murder a day is caused by drinking rum; and that, during the past year, it has occasioned two hundred suicides, and sent more than

a hundred thousand offenders into our prisons. The Warden of the New York City Prison, in a letter to the State Assembly, answering certain inquiries made of him, testifies that, of 18,042 commitments to the prison under his care in the year 1849, at least 14,000 were made for offences palpably caused by the habit of intemperance. And a statement equally frightful is warranted by the report from the same place for the past year. In many cases, the inmates of prisons are known, by direct examination, to be in the proportion of nineteen intemperate men to one temperate man, commonly so called; and it is an exceedingly rare thing to find a strictly cold-water man in a felon's cell. Criminals come from a different sort of persons, the atmosphere of whose lives is impregnated and reeks with evil influences. The use of intoxicating beverages naturally tends to produce vice and crime in all their degrees. It stupefies the moral nature, confuses and deadens the mind, lets the passions loose without guidance or restraint, converts some men into besotted idiots, not knowing better than to commit those petty larcenies and misdemeanors which people our houses of correction,—turns others into raving fiends, as if the lowermost pit had opened and cast up its worst occupants. By its various accompaniments and consequences, it exposes its devotees, in an especial degree, to all sorts of temptations; and at the same time, by its withering effects on the moral nature, breaks down their defences, and leaves them helpless. It was when mad with the fumes of wine that Alexander committed the slaughterous crime of slaying his friend Clytus; and it was by draining the great goblet of Hercules that he committed the foolish sin of slaying himself. In instances rising to countless thousands, it was intoxication which, by its inciting fire in the nerves, its demoralizing fumes in the conscience, its blue and lurid gleam in the brain, has lighted the torch of the incendiary, guided the

dagger of the assassin, smothered the scruples of the thief, and steeled the heart of the household tyrant against the soft and sweet approaches of pity. An intemperate man cannot have a sufficient safeguard against the commission of any crime, however dreadful. That no drunkard can be insured from the perpetration of any outrage is a proposition self-evidenced by the facts of the case, and demonstrated by the fresh occurrences of every day. If you could summon before you, from their graves and cells of judgment, in one vast and dread array, all the worst criminals of the land for a hundred years, and ask them the cause of their crimes, an incredible proportion of them would reply, "The bewildering, maddening cup of alcohol!" If vocal utterance and a tongue could be given to the sallow sufferers of the jail and the ghastly victims of the gallows, they would cry, in tones to affright the indifferent, and to rive the very souls of the guilty panders to such horror, "Had it not been for the besetting temptations to quaff from the delirious bowl, we, too, might have lived long, as the happy and honored, and have died at last like the righteous and lamented!"

In view of the high-handed sin against God and against society, the frightful sum of guilt, suffering, danger, terror, and expense, involved in the crimes committed every year inside of our national boundaries, so great a portion of which are caused by intemperance, — is it not high time for every man who wishes to be called a Christian, a friend of his race, or a good citizen, to rank himself among the firm opponents of the use of any intoxicating liquid, and pledge himself never to withdraw his influence from the contest with the traffic until the principles and the practice of total abstinence are completely established? Is it not time?

Finally, intemperance is an eminent cause of every kind of evil that can be mentioned to which human nature is exposed. It deadens all the healthy sensibilities, induces

moral and intellectual numbness and apathy, destroys refinement and spiritual life, makes the attention wander, enfeebles the will, and produces general coarseness and stupefaction. Thus it puts an end to self-culture and development, shuts up the sources of the pure and lofty pleasures of reading, meditation, moral life and growth, and contemplation of the beauty of God's works. Its victim, just in proportion as he indulges its demands, loses all interest in outward things, is eaten up with a morbid sensation, can enjoy nothing but the degrading satisfaction of soothing his unholy thirst. Music pleases him not: its mournful cadences remind him of a past paradise he has lost, a future one he has forfeited. The western heavens, all bathed in the gorgeous flames and glories of sunset; the moon gleaming with pure splendor, sailing serenely on its way, like a silver ship, its white sails set to the empyrean breeze, — this is no joy to him; for the drunkard's eye sees little beauty, save in the ruddy or sparkling liquor that moves itself aright in the cup, and feeds his bosom-fiend, and afterwards bites him like a serpent, and stings him like an adder.

It is but stating a fact, many times demonstrated at great length in various ways and with innumerable illustrations, to say that intemperance is a violation of every one of those groups of laws, in connection with which the Creator has placed us. The organic, the physical, the intellectual, the moral — these fixed laws of our well-being are set at nought by the use of alcohol, which works specific changes in the structure of important organs, and in the nature of the secretions and of the blood, generates diseases, and transmits a frightful entail upon its posterity. Among other traces of its effects in the law of hereditary descent, notice the fact shown by the recent first State report upon idiocy in Massachusetts, that, of the 1,400 idiots in the State, probably 500 were born so, in consequence of their parents'

habits of drunkenness. It stands, furthermore, far at the head among the causes of insanity, that terrible visitation which shatters the fine machinery of the brain to a wreck, and shows the kingly reason blasted, discrowned, and overthrown. It is likewise a more influential cause than any other of untimely death. It lifts the wick of life's lamp; making it smoke, flicker, and more speedily go out. The cold clods of the valley lie heavily on the breasts of how many mistaken young men, whose early promise was blighted, and their careers brought to a termination in untimely graves, by indulgence in this vice! Facts justify the conclusion that the use of poisonous drinks in this country cuts off every year a million years of human life, and pushes into the grave prematurely fifty thousand victims, half of which number are palpably killed outright by their excesses. The greatest evil of this, it should be remembered, is not simply that life is shortened, but that it is shortened by guilt, and goes out under a cloud, in debasement and fear, — "unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled."

IV. We have now passed in review the real effects of intoxicating liquors, and seen what they are; waste, beggary, suffering, crime, spiritual degradation, disease, idiocy, insanity, and untimely death. Intemperance is an enormous fact, existing among us and all around us; and it exists as an efficient cause, producing the direst fruits and the most monstrous calamities upon an immense scale. Worse than war, which may lead a people to liberty; worse than pestilence, which soon numbers its victims, and vanishes; worse than death, which is a friend to the good, and ushers them into heaven; worse than any other prevalent scourge, — this is an unmitigated evil, the breeder of a perpetual death in life, the cause of no good, the fruitful source of every ill. It turns a man's blood into fire, and petrifies his brain, and takes away all his beauty, and dims

his heaven-piercing eye, and brutalizes his royal front, and makes him a loathsome creature, — shrunk from, pitied, abhorred, feared, a nuisance and a terror. It is an outrageous and unparalleled evil, old as the flood, wide as the world, without one redeeming feature in its hideous aspect, without one beneficent result in its horrible train of effects. Its ravages have blackened the fields of every clime, and torn the hearts of every generation, planting desolation and woe as household gods upon the family altars of millions of homes. It is an overshadowing curse, whose annihilation all the laws of God and the whole prosperity of man alike incessantly demand. And yet it still exists, and nobody is safe from it. It spreads its fearful blandishments all around us, and from its artful wiles nobody is safe. The wittiest, the purest, the firmest, have often fallen before it: it is as cunning and strong as ever, and nobody is safe. It is visible on every hand: if you look on it, it tempts, it allures, it deceives, it delights, it fascinates, it betrays, it maddens, it dementates, it murders, and nobody is safe. While we are here, its foul work is going on; in a thousand places, *the first glass* is at the lips of new victims; and, in regard to his son, his brother, his father, his friend, nobody is safe. It has blasted the most godlike genius, palsied the most herculean strength, broken down the most indomitable pride, stained the most immaculate honor, befouled the most sensitive virtue, crushed the grandest ambition, and withered the sweetest hopes: all this it is still doing, and nobody is safe. When such are falling, who dares to say *he* is safe? It pinches the Lazarus at the outer gate, and it bloats the Dives on his purple couch. It is as a demigod down in poor hovels, where want and woe nestle together in their filth, and nobody is *low enough* to be safe. It is an unbridled despot up in splendid mansions, where full-length mirrors reflect the surrounding magnificence, while the ruby wine is dripping from costly fonts of marble and silver, and

nobody is *high enough* to be safe. It still plies its fatal enchantments with the same success as of old; goes about daily, picking out its victims from every class in society and from every grade of character; and, just so long as it is allowed to tempt every passer-by with its fiery charms, nobody can be safe. Its stealthy and terrible step is like the step of death: it treads with equal foot in pauper's huts and king's halls, and never a day passes in which it does not seal the brutalization and ruin of many an idol-son, and break the hearts of mothers and of fathers; and, while it is suffered everywhere to protrude its seductions, nobody can be safe. Why, now, — let any man attempt to give a reason why these radiating centres of temptation, and sin, and death, and damnation, should be allowed to continue open and operative; — why these sources of unutterable wrong and anguish should not be closed and destroyed. In all the strange history of this strange world, the very strangest anomaly that can be found is, that, in the face of all the foregoing facts, familiar to the experience of mankind for ages, this stupendous evil should yet be *permitted to exist* in full force and vogue. Is it not passing strange, especially when we consider, that, in addition to its being so awfully pernicious both to the bodies and the souls of those it touches, it is wholly unnecessary and wholly useless? It is astonishing that humanity has not long since risen up, in view of these things, and, taking in its own mighty hands the laws of God and the rights of man, trampled the whole business, root and branch, to destruction by physical force. If we punish and try to prevent vagrancy, theft, incendiarism, violence, and murder, by forcible law, what possible shadow of a reason can be given why we should not put down and put an end to the means of intemperance, by direct authority; seeing that intemperance is the express and principal cause of those evils, and is of no necessity and of no use? Oh the folly and the

inconsistency of a law which endeavors to cover over and turn away the injurious streams, but will not attempt to dry up the pestiferous fountain-head, from which those streams must inevitably flow! The truth is — it cannot be disguised — that the wide extension and long continuance of this evil have dulled the perceptions, paralyzed and debauched the common sense and the conscience, of society in relation to it. Let it take any shape but that, and the armed hand of law would crush it in a day. For instance: if a monster stalked across the continent, from the frozen skull of Greenland to the outstretched feet of Patagonia, poisoning the air with his breath, annually destroying the use of property to the value of three hundred million dollars, slaying fifty thousand men, and pouring forth incessantly the outrages and the heart-rending woes that come from drunkenness in an amount not to be estimated, the whole population, if needful, would rise in one body for his destruction, and not rest till his annihilation were secured. But is it any alleviation of the appalling result that it is effected by a liquid, made and distributed by men, instead of being done by a monster? Wherein does this alter the vital facts of the case, save to make them worse? For my part, I had much rather be devoured by a wild beast, with no guilt of mine, than be seduced and led on by dreadful charms, through my own sin and folly, to die of the unnameable and ghastly horrors of delirium tremens; expecting, as such persons generally do, to sink right into the burning jaws of an eternal hell. In the name of all that is reasonable and of all that is right; in the name of all that is held dear among men, or sacred before God, why are not the unutterable wrongs of this business *compelled* to cease? No objection — not a single objection under heaven — can be urged against such a use of legal violence, which would not prevent every application of criminal law in any case whatever. No reason — not a

single reason under heaven — can be urged in favor of the application of criminal law, in any case whatever, that will not apply with equal justice to this. If any one doubt the correctness of this statement, or shrink from this conclusion, it can only be — no matter who he is, or where he stands — it can only be because he is not thoroughly acquainted with the facts in the case. If he is acquainted with those facts, as earnest temperance men are acquainted with them, and still opposes the adoption of an effectual law to suppress them, then he either lacks both a heart and a conscience, or holds a theory of the province of government, which, if carried out, would make society imbecile. Let a legislator know, as he ought to know, that intemperance is unnecessary, useless, an unrivalled evil, — then let him excuse himself, if he can, for allowing it to be perpetuated, when his vote, by crushing the producing traffic, might have dug the grave of the produced vice.

If all the alcoholic drinks manufactured and sold in this country were made and vended by one man, nobody else having the least pecuniary interest in it, — if it were all simmered out and sent forth from the vast vats of one central distillery, reeking and looming guiltily to Heaven, the smoke of its torment rising for ever and ever, would that man not be looked on as the worst citizen of the country, and his business as the most infernal occupation known out of Tophet? In the eyes of the nation, would not his skirts drip with blood? If all the woes of intemperance in the country, all the accidents, robberies, quarrels, murders, it produces, could be traced, flowing in one terrific torrent, straight from his crime-crimsoned door, would not the indignant virtue and the upheaved strength of the land march against that establishment? What extenuation is it, that the work, instead of being centred in one, is profitably scattered among half a million? These men try to excuse themselves on account of their numbers, by saying, "If we

do not furnish these drinks, others will; we may as well do it as they." To this flimsy sophistry, but one reply is needed. It is contained in words that once fell from the lips of the Son of God: "It must needs be that offences come; but *woe to that man by whom the offence cometh!*"

If I were asked to point out the fact now existing on the face of the globe, which is most insulting to God, most disgraceful to humanity, most pernicious to society, most wicked and loathsome in itself, I should specify the cultivation of intemperance by the traffic in ardent spirits. I should not point to the funeral pile of the Hindoo widow; to the mangled devotees ground under the ponderous car of Juggernaut; to the cave of the squalid Bushman; or to the frightful gibbet, with its dead tenant. I should take you to the core of the nation, which is the queen of modern civilization and Christian culture, to London, before one of those "gin palaces," in each one of which a capital of a million dollars is invested. I should point to the spectacle afforded by that legalized structure, from its regal gambling halls, where the eternal glare of chandeliers shuts out the day, down to its subterranean recesses, where swarms of the most miserable creatures that exist, men and women, the old and the young, emaciated, haggard, half-naked, disfigured with bruises, dirt, and blood, fling the last copper, and, with shudderings of abandoned eagerness, snatch a draught made up of the dregs that have drained and dripped from the slops of the upper bars down through five stories!

While Humboldt was travelling through the swamps of Guiana, just after a storm, he encountered one of the most terrible sights that ever met the eyes of man, — a living, wriggling pyramid of snakes, gathered in this manner for common defence against an animal too powerful for them singly, and accustomed to prey upon them. Thousands and thousands of them were rolled spirally on each other

in one tremulous mass of writhings, the thick array of their heads thrust out upon every side, with fiery eyes, and venomous darts, and horrible hissings; the cold, deadly saliva oozing from their fangs. Now, I undertake to say, deliberately, with a full consciousness of the meaning of the words, that the disgust and alarm, the loathing and terror, raised by this terrific scene, are less, *are less*, than the disgust and alarm, the loathing and terror, which should be awakened in the breast of a refined Christian man or woman, who knows its concomitants, by the sight of a London "gin palace"! Upon a somewhat smaller scale, these dreadful death-lures are gleaming, these yawning breath-holes from the pit are open, by night and day, within a stone's throw of the churches of God, in every city of Christendom.

Contemplating such unhallowed scenes as these, can it be wondered at that the temperance reform is urgent in its appeals; that it calls with a trumpet-voice in the ears of every community, and says, "How can such corruption be nourished in the heart, and circulated through the veins of society, and not sometimes break out in eruptions to appall the people who sleep to its mingled crime and peril? — that it says to each man, "Awake, lend your help, throw the weight of your example and the impetus of your strength on the right side"? The holy cause of total abstinence from intoxicating beverages, which is the cause of every virtue under heaven, and of every real interest on earth, has a claim upon us which no man can innocently ignore. He who now directly or indirectly places himself in opposition to this undertaking, is without excuse before God — and before his own conscience, if it be not seared with a hot iron. He can occupy such a position only for three reasons; pecuniary interest, the gratification of a pernicious appetite, or a dogged obstinacy. And surely such utter selfishness, such unprincipled passion as this, can never be

a justification of the evils necessarily inhering to the business. Without any hesitation, with a full and immovable certainty of its truth, we assert this proposition: That no man can sustain the traffic in ardent spirits, or in any way strengthen the power of drunkenness, in the light of this day, without trampling under foot the prime principle of morality and the chief duty of a worthy citizen, — generous justice in all things, — righteous self-denial for the common good.

V. We began with one argument, sufficient by itself to decide the whole question: let us end with another. It is an unquestionable truth, that Cold Water is the drink intended by nature for man, and the only drink he needs. The arrangement of things in this particular is just as plain an indication of the intention and will of God, as if every day a voice of thunder proclaimed through the world, "Thou shalt drink only cold water." Cold water, it is universally conceded, gives more pleasure, gives completer satisfaction, to the really thirsty with a natural thirst, than any other liquid; and, besides that, it is perfectly natural and healthy. Thirsty and weary in a hot summer's day, I would give more to quaff one crystal draught from the old, oaken, iron-bound, and moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well, than to drink the blood of the best grapes that ever blushed upon the Rhine-lands. Unadulterated, cold water, primeval transparent lymph, nature's own abundant preparation, and safe and welcome beverage: sought by insects, birds, beasts, and unperverted man, caught in the cups of the morning flowers, hanging on the blades of grass, transfused in the verdure of grove, field, and forest, flowing in the live sap of trees, assimilated in the juices of fruits, raised to heaven to glitter in the prismed sun-bow, and evaporated in the air to form a part of every breath we draw. Pure, fresh, cold water: heaving in seas, reposing in lakes, sweeping on in rivers, exercised and impregnated

in the tidal oceans, floating the fleets of commerce, drawn up and filtered in the clouds, moistening the dry air and cooling the parched earth with nightly dews, washing the dusty robe and reanimating the languid face of nature in showers, and crystallized in ice luxuriously to touch the torrid lips of summer, and refresh the burning brow of sickness. Antique, elemental, cold water: dripping and trickling among the moss and rocks of the mountains, oozing through the clefts of ledges, tumbling in headlong torrents, gliding through green meads in the silvery lapse of rivulets, threading its way in rills that purl by the rushes and grass, and brawl over the stones, murmuring all night in brooks, bubbling in springs and runnels, leaping in the gush of fountains, breaking in the shimmering sheet and foam of cascades, spinning in whirlpools, boiling in rapids, dashing in cataracts, and sullenly plunging in falls, where its hoarse roar mingles with the clang of manufactories, whose wheels it turns. Vivifying, costless, cold water: streaming down from the hill-top, spouting up in the valley, pulling its dusky length slowly through the aboriginal, sunless woods, hurrying in a flashing line of silver and gold across the open plains, gleaming from the horizon's edge, or sparkling through desert oases to make the fainting pilgrim wild with joy, rolling in mountain-billows on the central deep, icing the poles, laving the continental shores with surf, ripple, and splash, clothing the winter world in a mantle of snow, spread abroad in innumerable streams to make the country villages green, and reservoired in ponds, thence to be led by subterranean viaducts to crowded, diseased cities, and raised in all corners and chambers to purify and bless. Universal, indispensable, cold water: oldest of elements, on which the Creative Spirit brooded in the beginning, poured out continually from the skyey urns in the hand of God round all the dwellings of life, in inexhaustible supplies, kept circulating newly through the gigantic veins and

arteries of the globe, and made grateful to the unvitiated taste of every drinking creature. The perfect adaptation and sufficiency of cold water, everywhere waiting to be drawn, present an unanswerable plea for total abstinence from the element of intoxication. Away with the blushing wine-goblet and the burning brandy-bowl, and give us the simple pitcher, fresh dripping from the well! No bitter tears of widows and orphans are mingled in *that* draught. No sighs and sobs from breaking hearts attend it. No threatening shapes of poverty and crime look out from it. No madness follows its course through the blood. No stupefying fumes rise from it to deaden the brain and unnerve the limbs. The horrors of drunkenness sound not in its gurgling; but it carries refreshment, health, and strength through every vein. Let the pure streams of Cold Water flow on, then, till they cleanse and lustrate the whole world from the blasphemous contaminations of alcohol.

Our discussion of the subject is complete. We have seen, beyond the possibility of a denial or a doubt, — first, that intemperance is an artificial habit, springing only from the perversion of our nature, and wholly unnecessary; secondly, that it is a reality still prevailing to an appalling extent; thirdly, that it is the cause of unspeakable evils and horrors of every kind and degree; fourthly, that the business which supports it is an unmitigated disgrace and wrong, which should be compelled to cease; fifthly, that the drinking of cold water ought to displace the drinking of alcohol. These five propositions, the whole force of whose meaning no human heart can easily feel, no human language possibly express, are demonstrated truths. Therefore it is the urgent duty of every person to throw his whole influence in favor of the cause of temperance. If there be any who will not heed the facts that prove this, neither would they heed, though the pale hosts of the dead burst their cerements in ghastly congregations, and called upon them aloud.

What has been said concerning the nature, the prevalence, and the suppression of intemperance, prepares us to appreciate the claims of the subject upon public attention and action. Among those great modern movements for the amelioration of the condition of mankind, which are sensibly beginning to shake the pillars of the kingdom of Satan on earth, and to make themselves felt for good in many ways, the temperance reform occupies an important place. It goes before other reforms, and prepares for them: they cannot succeed until after this has succeeded. In the present stage and position of this cause, the great want is the awakening of the people to a sense of its vital importance, and the calling forth of their energies for its prosecution, by the power of moral sentiment, and by stringent laws carried into force. If the LAW now in contemplation could be enacted, and be executed throughout our country, the triumph of temperance would roll across the land, like a wave of the elixir of life, cleansing the foul stews and kennels of vice, lifting off the spiritual stagnancy from society, and opening the way for every other good cause. It would restore to the world the usefulness of the great host of the intemperate, "by an act of resurrection as palpable as if two millions of men should start from the insentient mould in living ranks, and rend the air with their shouts of joy." If the body of people not in any way directly involved in the matter, those who are neither intemperate themselves nor engaged in the traffic, would rise in their might, and do what they can, they might at once consummate this noble aim, and dry up all the long-flowing and horrible fountains of drunkenness. It is singular, it is shameful, it is a crying sin, that they will not do it; that they pause aloof in selfish inaction, refusing to take any interest in the subject, although the evil is the most urgent in its real claims of any on earth, and the crime of suffering its perpetuation rests on them! Would that I had power to gather on the

right, in one awful panorama, all the dire and loathsome consequences of intemperance, as shown in its congregated victims throughout the nation; also to assemble on the left, in the same manner, all the persons and instruments that cause the continued existence of these effects; then to summon into the intermediate space all the selfish and careless men who will do nothing whatever in relation to the subject, and proclaim to them in an agonized and colossal cry, that should embody the three-fold wretchedness, guilt, and duty, and echo through the three worlds, "THAT HORROR comes from THIS CRIME, and YOUR INDIFFERENCE is responsible for BOTH!" May God speedily do what good men have so long vainly tried to effect, and awaken the people to some adequate appreciation of the actual claims of this fearful subject upon their public, as well as private, action!

VI. And now, before we go, presuming that the different classes of society related to this subject are represented here, Humanity has a word to say to them,— a word which God requires them to hear and to feel. Yes, trampled, bleeding HUMANITY, rising from her long agony and forbearance, and beholding her untouched oppressors before her, her down-trodden children around her, cries with warning and pleading,— Distillers and sellers of the deadly fluid! will ye not be induced to forsake your business? Will ye never quit it? It is productive of no good; it is pernicious, and wholly wrong in the sight of God and man; and you cannot be ignorant of it. Your own consciences must condemn you. You dare not ask the blessing of Heaven on a traffic which is a purveyor to disease and infamy, a partnership with crime and woe, and an agreement with death and hell. For righteousness' and for pity's sake, leave your business; leave it, or fear the scorning punishment of an outraged community; fear, too, lest, in the judgment-day, a throng of accusers, the crimson

spirits of your victims, kneel before the throne, and, pointing at you, cry with one voice, "*He* did it unto me!"

Slaves of intemperance! by your own knowledge of the guilt and horror of your thraldom, by what you know of your own increasing misery and helplessness, by the unmitigated evils you are bringing on your families and friends, by the immortal prize held down to you from heaven, rescue yourselves; pray for the help of God; resolutely abstain from the curse; slacken not your efforts till you are free. You know that this is equally your duty and your interest, and that your case grows hopeless with every delay. Conquer your enemy now, therefore, by one immovable purpose.

Moderate drinkers! you are the respectable beacons that lure exposed wayfarers upon the rocks. Refrain totally, for the sake of your own safety, and because you are solemnly bound by every consideration to lend your aid to a great and good cause, which is struggling laboriously with obstacles and with drawbacks. Trusting in your own strength, set not a bad example for your weak brother. "Destroy not him with thy meat for whom Christ died." If you any longer occupy your present position, your own hearts will tell you that you are unworthy of honor, that you are recreant to the most pressing duties of your times.

Temperate men; you who have never fallen, or, having fallen, have risen again! be thankful for your freedom, and guard it with diligence. Remember the perils of temptation, and beware lest you slip. Set your faces like a flint in favor of the only safe and true position, the unwavering stand of total abstinence. Yield not an inch, taste not a drop; that your full influence may be ever on the right side. Your suffering fellows need your services to help to deliver them from the temptations and the power of this infernal foe and this awful scourge. Patriotism, an enlightened love for the best interests of your native land, has a yet

stronger claim upon your example and efforts in this behalf. For all that this nation needs to enable her to present the sublimest spectacle ever seen beneath the heavens, is that she be purged from the internal vices which are preying on her vitals. Let slavery, and intemperance, and the greed for war, be banished from her bounds, and she will stand forth to the world a free, powerful, and happy republic, safe, flourishing, and contented at home, fearless and honored abroad; treading along the giddy heights of her prosperity with a firm step, the beacon-fires of purity and progress blazing from all her summits. If you neglect your duty towards this national purification, the work will retrograde. If her best citizens get discouraged and pause in their labors, while the forces of evil muster and triumph, the shameful ruin of our country, ere long, is inevitable. The knell of doom will sound from her border-cliffs to her inland hills, and she will go down to a disgraceful place among the dead empires and crushed republics of other times. But if her patriots and Christians rouse themselves to an earnest discharge of their duties to the great cause of temperance and order, then, when ages have rolled away, I see her, impersonated as a commanding goddess, clothed with invulnerable might, her face beaming with peerless beauty, an olive-branch extended in one hand, her victorious eagle perched upon the other, a crown dropping from the open skies upon her head, the allegiant continent at her feet.

Active laborers in behalf of this reform; veterans in the temperance cause; you who stood by it when it was feeble and unpopular, who gave yourselves freely to spend and to be spent for it! you deserve all praise, and your names shall live, according to the promise of Holy Writ, while the memory of the wicked and the useless rots. You are the men, — let delicate gentility, and haughty wealth, and fastidious thought, say what they will, — you are the men who

advance society a step, leaving it better when you die than it would have been had you not been born. Such men as you are the hope of the world. You have every thing to encourage and animate you. Public opinion and fashion, through your labors, have greatly changed, and are changing more; and whereas once it was odious and difficult, it is to-day respectable and easy, to be a total abstainer from intoxicating drinks, if one will. You *must* conquer; for the almightiness of truth and goodness, — the omnipotence of nature, — the streams and the hills, — are on your side. Your beautiful banners shall lead you through peaceful struggles to triumph and glory. Never shall they come back, tattered and rent, sprinkled with the blood of the brave, and sullied with the marks of brutal war; but, unstained and holy as when you received them with the benedictions of woman, they shall wave over you in the final victory. God blesses your cause. You can work for it, not in shame, but in pride; not in darkness, but in the face of the sun and in the eye of the light. You are coworkers with Christ for the hastening of the time of human redemption; a time which, if long delaying, is yet sure to come, as when a sick man watches the waning of the night, the progress is slow, and yet the morning inevitably comes, up over the reddening hills, at last; "and though you may not live to see the day, yet earth shall glisten in its ray." Take heart, then, and toil on in faith, in hope, and in charity; saying to yourselves, in the meantime, with the modern lyrist, —

"There's a good time coming, friends,
A good time coming:
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man.
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger:
'Twill be strong enough one day —
Wait a little longer!"